

The Albany Register.

VOL. IV.

ALBANY, OREGON, MARCH 15, 1872.

NO. 28.

Albany Register.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY,
BY COLL. VAN CLEY,
IN REGISTER BUILDINGS,
Corner Ferry and First Streets.

TERMS IN ADVANCE.
One year, Three dollars.
Six months, Two dollars.
Single copies, Ten cents.

ADVERTISING RATES.
Transient advertisements, per square of ten lines or less, first insertion \$2; each subsequent insertion 40c. Larger advertisements inserted on the most liberal terms.

JOB WORK.
Having received a new type, stock of colored ink, cards, a Gordon jobber, etc., we are prepared to execute all kinds of printing in a better manner, and fifty per cent cheaper than ever before offered in this city.

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The following gentlemen are authorized to receive and remit for subscriptions, advertising, etc., for the Register:
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O. P. Tompkins, Harrisburg.
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April, 1872-3

N. S. DU BOIS
HAS ON HAND AND CONSTANTLY RECEIVING A LARGE STOCK OF
Groceries and Provisions.
Wood and willow ware, tobacco, cigars, confectionery, Yankee notions, etc., etc., wholesale and retail, opposite R. C. Hill & Son's drug store, Albany, Oregon, 174

J. H. MITCHELL, J. K. DELPH.
MITCHELL & DOLPH,
Attorneys and Counselors at Law.
SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY AND PROBATORS in a family. Office over the old post office, Front street, Portland, Oregon, 174

J. C. POWELL, L. FLINN.
POWELL & FLINN,
Attorneys and Counselors at Law.
AND SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY. L. Flinn a notary public, Albany, Oregon. Collections and conveyances promptly attended to.

N. H. CRANOR, N. R. HUMPHREY,
Notary Public.
CRANOR & HUMPHREY,
Attorneys and Counselors at Law,
ALBANY, OREGON.
Office in Parrish brick, up stairs, 354

GEO. W. GRAY, D. D. S.,
GRADUATE OF CINCINNATI DENTAL COLLEGE,
unlike several Newark and Lowell graduates of that school, he has received the highest diploma in the profession in the best and most approved method, and at a reasonable rate as can be had elsewhere. Nitrous oxide administered for the painless extraction of teeth by his method. Office in Parrish brick block, up stairs. Residence first house south of a Congregational church, fronting on court house block. 372-18

W. G. JONES, M. D.,
HOMOEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN.
OFFICE ON FIRST STREET, ONE DOOR WEST OF BRADSHAW'S. Business hours, 10 o'clock to 4 o'clock. Residence, corner Sixth and Ferry streets, Albany, Oregon. 116-71

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Water Wheels
SPHERICAL FLUMES,
And General Mill Machinery.
J. F. BACKENSTO, Agent,
Albany, Oregon.

20 DOLLARS A DAY
TO MALE AND FEMALE AGENTS,
To introduce the celebrated
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Buckeye Sewing Machine.
CUTCH ALIKE ON BOTH SIDES, AND the only shuttle sewing machine in the United States designed to use the celebrated Wilson feed sold for less than \$40, and acknowledged by all to be the best family sewing machine, for light or heavy sewing, in the market. Outfit free. Address
E. E. MINER & CO., Gen. Agts.,
203-17

ALBANY BOOK STORE.
Established in 1833.
E. A. Freeland,
DEALER IN EVERY VARIETY OF Miscellaneous Books, school books, blank books, stationery. Books imported to order at short notice.
Albany, Dec. 3, 1870.

TURNING - - TURNING.
RAWHIDE CHAIRS.

J. M. WATSWORTH will give prompt attention to all orders for Paper-hanging, Calcemining, Decorating, &c., in this city or vicinity. All work executed in the latest style, in the best manner, and at lowest prices. Call on or write to J. M. WATSWORTH, at lowest prices. Call on or write to J. M. WATSWORTH, at lowest prices. Call on or write to J. M. WATSWORTH, at lowest prices.

DR. E. O. SMITH, DENTIST,
HAS LOCATED IN ALBANY, and is now ready to wait on the citizens of Albany and vicinity, with the new invention in dental work. It consists in supporting the plate to the mouth without covering the whole roof, as heretofore. Those wishing artificial teeth are requested to call and examine for themselves. Also, plates mended, whether partially broken or divided. Teeth, extracted with our pain. Office over Turrell's store. All work warranted. 744

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BUSINESS CARDS.

JOHN CONNER,
BANKING

—AND—
Exchange Office,

ALBANY, OREGON.

DEPOSITS RECEIVED SUBJECT TO CHECK AT 61/2%.

MARBLE WORKS.

MONROE & STAIGER,
Dealers in

Monuments, Obelisks, Tombs,

Head and Foot Stones,

Executed in
California, Vermont and Italian Marble.

SALEM, OREGON.

BRANCH SHOP AT ALBANY.

J. DOW, M. H. CRANE,
DOW & CRANE,
Dealers in

Boots, Shoes, and Findings
ALBANY, OREGON.

INVITE THE ATTENTION OF THE public to their full stock of the latest styles in gentlemen's and youth's boots, shoes, gaiters, O. S. ties, etc., etc., as well as to the very best thing out in the line of ladies' and misses' gaiters, balminals, Newport ties, Antoinette balminals, and many other new and fashionable styles, just received at the City Boot Store, which they will sell as cheaply as they can find purchasers who wish first-class goods at the most reasonable rates. They respectfully invite you to come and see their stock. Boots, shoes, etc., made or repaired to order, and all work warranted.

J. C. MENDEHALL,
Notary Public,
REAL-ESTATE AND INSURANCE AGENT,
ALBANY, OREGON.

RENTS COLLECTED AND TAXES PAID for non-residents and others, making real estate taxes, etc. Office one door above telegraph office. 373

Albany Collegiate Institute,
ALBANY, OREGON.

THIS INSTITUTION WILL REOPEN ON Monday, September 1, 1871, with a corps of teachers capable and earnest. Instruction will be thorough and practical, and the system of order unsurpassed. For particulars address
R. K. WARREN, A. M., President;
Or, Rev. E. R. GEARY, D. D., Albany.

The Eyes! The Ears!
DR. T. L. GOLDEN,
Oculist and Aurist, Albany, Oregon.

DR. GOLDEN IS A son of the noted ophthalmic doctor, S. C. Golden. Dr. Golden has had experience in treating the various diseases to which the eye and ear are subject, and feels confident of giving entire satisfaction to those who may place themselves under his care. April 15, 68.

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WHY MR. HERBERT LOVED MASONRY.

"Ticket, na'am," said the conductor.

"Yes, sir, in one moment," and Mrs. Herbert sought in her pocket for the pomegranate, in which she had deposited the ticket in question. But it had mysteriously disappeared, and the lady arose hastily, and gave a rapid and searching glance under and about her seat.

"Oh, sir, I have lost my ticket, and not only that, but my money and check, for my baggage."

The conductor was a young man who had been but a few weeks upon the road in his present capacity, and felt himself greatly elevated in his new position. He prided himself in his ability to detect any person in an attempt to avoid paying the regular fare, and had earnestly wished that an opportunity might offer which would enable him to prove his superior powers of penetration, and the ease with which he could detect imposition.

Here there was a case just suited to his mind; and he watched Mrs. Herbert with a cool, scrutinizing, suspicious eye, while she was searching so eagerly for the missing ticket. With a still extended hand he said, "I must have your fare, madam."

"But, sir, I have no money; I cannot pay you."

"How far do you wish to go?" he asked.

"I am on my way to Boston, where I reside. I have been visiting relatives in Wisconsin."

"Well, you can go no further on this train unless you pay your fare."

A bright thought occurred to Mrs. Herbert. "I will place my watch in your keeping," she said; "when I reach Detroit I will pawn it for money to pursue my journey. My husband will send for and redeem it."

"That will do," said the conductor. "I will take your watch and give you a check for Detroit. I have no authority to do so from the railroad company, but may upon my own responsibility."

But Mrs. Herbert's embarrassment was not to be relieved so readily as she hoped. Searching for her watch, that also was not to be found.

"Oh, what shall I do?" she said, her face growing very pale. "My watch is gone, too. I must have been robbed in Chicago."

"You can leave the train at the next station," he said quickly and decidedly; "that's what you can do."

The whistle sounded for "down brakes," and the conductor stepped out on the platform of the car. Mrs. Herbert looked around her. There were a few passengers in the car, some were reading, some looking out of the windows on the town they were entering. No one seemed to have heard the conversation between the conductor and herself, or at least to become interested in her behalf.

The train stopped, the conductor appeared, and taking her sallow and traveling basket from the rack above her head, laid her follow him. In ten minutes more the train had gone, and Mrs. Herbert sat alone in the L. depot, trying to decide upon the course best to pursue. She had no money to defray her expenses at a hotel, she had nothing with which to pay a hackman for taking her to one, but, after a few minutes' reflection, she resolved to inquire for the residence of the clergyman of that church of which she was herself a member, and ask him, in the name of christian charity and kindness, to give her a home until she could send a telegram to her husband and he could furnish her with means to resume her journey.

Inquiring of the ticket agent the name of the clergyman she hoped to find, being politely directed to his house she was soon at his door and rang the bell. He answered the summons in person, and in a few hurried sentences she made known her misfortune and her request.

The Rev. Mr. Ripley was thin, tall and straight. He was apparently about forty-five years of age; polished, but pompous; no particle of dust could have been found upon his fine, black broadcloth, or nicely polished boots; the tie in his cravat was faultless; his hair was brushed carefully forward to conceal coming baldness. Very dignified, very important, very ministerial, appeared the revered gentleman; but as Mrs. Herbert looked into his cold grey eyes, she felt that benevolence was by no means as strong an element in his composition as self-interest. Her heart seemed to chill in his presence; she could not help contrasting him, mentally, with the good Mr. Weston, who was pastor of her own church at home. Ah! not often had the hand now thrust into the bosom of the tight-buttoned dress-coat been prompted by the cold heart beneath it to place a bright coin upon the palm of beggared childhood; not often had his footsteps found their way to poverty's door! Yet this unworthy representative of the Christian church preached clarity to his congregation, at least twice every Sabbath, and so far as he himself was concerned, made preaching supply the place of practices.

"Madam," he said after eyeing her from head to foot, "you have a pretty story; but the streets of L— are full of such stories at the present day. Did I listen to one-half I hear of the kind, I should have my house filled with mendicants all the time, and perhaps few of them would be worthy of my respect. I cannot keep you as you request."

Mrs. Herbert turned from the inhospitable door of the Rev. Mr. Ripley. The cool insolence with which he treated her had almost driven cour-

age from her heart; but she determined now to seek a hotel, where at least she might rest herself and decide upon some new course of action. She had eaten nothing since morning; indeed she had not thought of food; but now she felt faint and weary, and the consciousness that she was alone, in a strange city, friendless and penniless, with the shades of evening already falling, quite unnerved her. As she glanced up and down the street, the first thing that attracted her attention was—a public house sign, but in large gilt letters the words—"Masonic Hall." Her heart gave a quick, joyful jump. Her husband belonged to the Masonic fraternity, and she knew that any duty a Mason owed to his brother, he owed equally to that brother's wife or daughter. She remembered, also, that to that noble order she was indebted for nearly all the happiness she had known in her life. But, familiar as she had been with its workings in her native city, she had never realized its universality, and never understood how, like some great talismanic belt, it circles the earth, embracing all mankind in its protecting folds; softening the asperities of dissenting religions; shielding the purple light of love on the fierce rapids of commercial life; ennobling the politicians and harmonizing their conflicting sentiments upon a sense of kindred.

Mrs. Herbert paused irresolute. What would she now have given for a knowledge of one mystic sign, by which to call her husband's Masonic brothers to her side?

Men were passing rapidly up and down the street; elegantly dressed ladies were not enjoying the coolness of the evening; for the day had been sultry; but among the busy throng there was none whom she felt at liberty to accost.

A gentleman was passing her, leading a little girl by the hand. With a quick gesture she arrested his step. She had observed nothing particular in the stranger's face; indeed had not noticed it at all; but a maltese cross was suspended from his watch guard, and the moment she discovered it, she had involuntarily lifted her hand to prevent his passing by.

The stranger looked at her inquiringly. She pointed to the cross, and said, "That sir, is why I stopped you; you will excuse me for addressing you, and please tell me if you are a Mason?"

"I am," he replied.

"Oh, sir, my husband is a Mason, and perhaps you would be kind to your brother's wife?"

"Where does your husband live?"

"In Boston. His name is G. W. Herbert, he is of the firm of Herbert, Jackson & Co., J. street. I was on my way from Wisconsin, but have been robbed of the means of paying my fare, and they refused to take me any further. I have applied to the Rev. Ripley, and he turned me insultingly from his door."

"The old hypocrite," muttered the old gentleman. "Mrs. Herbert, my house is but one block distant, and is at your service. My wife will make you welcome and comfortable. Will you accept our hospitality?"

"Oh, sir, how gladly!" And half an hour later Mrs. Herbert was refreshing herself at the well-spread table of Mr. Henderson, first officer of the Eureka Commandery, number 12.

He walked directly to the office of the Western Union Telegraph Company, and addressed the following message to his brother in Boston:—"Is G. W. Herbert, L. street, a member of our Order, and his wife in the West? Answer immediately."

When Mr. Henderson returned home, he found his wife and Mrs. Herbert in an animated conversation; and he was surprised to note the change in the lady's appearance, now that she felt herself among friends. Her face wore so genuine an impression of sweetness and purity, her conversation was expressive of such lofty sentiments, such real goodness of heart, that Mr. Henderson found himself regretting that he had taken the precaution to send a telegram to Boston in order to prove the truthfulness of her statements.

Mrs. Henderson seated herself at the piano, and after performing several pieces, invited Mrs. Herbert to play also. She gracefully complied; and after a low, sweet prelude, began to sing:

"A stranger I was and kindly they received me."

She sang the piece entirely through, her voice quivering with emotion; and when she had finished it, both Mr. and Mrs. Henderson stood at her side. And the gentleman said:

"Mrs. Herbert, it is we who are blessed in being permitted to form the acquaintance of so entertaining a converser and musician. You are not a stranger, but a dear friend, a sister, my brother's wife; you have a right in our home. A Knight Templar's house is ever open to the unfortunate. But you must not leave the piano yet; play another piece for us, your own favorite."

"I do not know that I have one."

"Your husband's, then," suggested Mrs. Henderson.

Again Mrs. Herbert's practiced fingers swept the keys, and then her clear, rich voice arose in the popular Masonic ode.

"Hail, Masonry divine!"

As the last echoed away, she rose, saying, "That is my husband's favorite."

Mr. Henderson was standing with his arms around his wife's waist. Tears were in her eyes, and he drew closer to her as he said, "O, Jennie, will you not learn to play that piece for me?"

"But I could never make it sound like Mrs. Herbert," she replied, "for you know I do not like Masonry."

"And why do you not like it?" Mrs. Herbert ventured to ask.

"Because it rises like a mountain between me and my husband; I am jealous of Masonry!" And the glance she cast upon him at her side, told Mrs. Herbert with what depth of love this true wife regarded her husband, and she almost pardoned her for her dislike of Masonry on the ground she had mentioned. But she felt that Mrs. Henderson was in error and she said:

"Will you allow me to tell you why I love Masonry?"

"O, yes," replied Mrs. Henderson. I should like to feel differently if I could," and she drew a large arm chair for Mrs. Herbert in front of the sofa, upon which she and her husband had seated themselves.

Mrs. Herbert began: "My father was a commission merchant in Boston, and in consequence of an error which I never fully understood—for I was very young at the time—he failed in business. Our beautiful home was taken from us, and father removed mother and me to an humble but comfortable cottage in the suburbs, while he procured employment as a clerk in a dry goods establishment.

He was disheartened by his sudden and heavy losses. It was seldom that he was heard to speak cheerfully. His health declined, and before he had ever dreamed of the threatening danger, he was a confirmed consumptive. But he was a Mason, and we were not allowed to feel that his inability for labor had deprived us of the comforts of home. Supplies of provisions, clothing, came to our door. But one chilly evening in September, we were gathered around the bed-side to take the last farewell. The friends of our prosperous days were not there—they had left us with our riches—but a circle of true, manly faces was there, and tears were brushed aside which were the overflow of sympathizing hearts. I stood beside my grief-stricken mother, who knelt beside the couch of death, her head bowed hopelessly upon the emaciated hand upon which she had ever depended for guidance and protection. My father kissed me tenderly, and turning to his Masonic brethren said:

"I can but leave my dear ones to your care, and I know that I can trust you. I feel that my poor Alice will not long survive my loss, and then this little one will be a helpless wail on the great sea of humanity. I give her to you, not as the child of one, but of all the Lodge."

A few moments more and I was fatherless. One of those strong, noble men lifted me in his arms and bore me from the room. I had heard what my father said, and although a child but seven years, I comprehended it all. I threw my arms around the good man's neck, who held me so tenderly, and sobbed: "Oh, sir, will you be my father?"

"Yes, my dear little girl," he said, in a broken voice, "you shall never want."

My mother was a frail, delicate creature, and her constant watching at my father's bed-side, combined with the last terrible shock, threw her into a fever, from which she never recovered. We remained in the sweet little cottage until my sweet mother's death, and my father's Masonic brothers anticipated our every want. And when I was at last an orphan, my new protectors took me away. All felt that I was a sacred charge.

I was placed under the care of the most reliable instructors, and my health was carefully guarded. I lived in the home of the one I asked to be my father, and I believed he loved me as a child. When I arrived at the age of twenty I was, with the full approbation of my guardians, married to Mr. Herbert, confidential clerk in a dry goods house. The young man was a Mason; he was honest and attentive to business. This was not quite ten years ago. He is now a partner in the same house. We have an elegant home, and once every year our parlors are open to receive with their families the few who remain of those who, at the time of my father's death, were members of the Lodge to which my father belonged. You understand now, my friends, why I love Masonry."

Mrs. Henderson lifted her eyes to those of her husband. He was looking so wistfully, so pleadingly.

"My dear wife," he said, "Mrs. Herbert's story is but one of thousands. It is the aim of Masonry to relieve the distressed everywhere, and to elevate and ennoble ourselves. Our labors often take us from the home circle, but it would not be mainly in us to spread a knowledge of the good we do. To many of the recipients of our charity it would be bitter relief, if trumpeted forth to the world."

Mrs. Henderson placed both her hands in those of her husband's, and said, as her eyes filled with tears: "I will learn to play that piece for you, and I think I can give it some of Mrs. Herbert's expression, for I think differently of Masonry than I have ever done before."

The next morning, when breakfast was over, Mrs. Herbert said: "Now, Mr. Henderson, I must send an immediate telegram to my husband, for I am anxious to meet him, and shall not trespass upon your genuine hospitality longer than is necessary."

"Will you entrust me with the message?"

"Yes, sir," and it was soon ready.

"Ah! I was about to send you the answer to your telegram to Boston," said the operator to Mr. Henderson, as he entered the office. He took the paper extended towards him, and found

the message to read as follows:

"G. W. Herbert is a worthy Knight Templar. He stands well socially and financially. His wife is in Wisconsin."

Mr. Henderson called upon a few of his Masonic friends, and then hastened home. Taking a roll of bills from his pocket, he laid them beside Mrs. Herbert, saying: "I have taken the liberty to draw from the Bank of Masonry a deposit made by your husband for your benefit."

"The Bank of Masonry? A deposit for my benefit? I do not understand you."

"We," then, I will explain. Every dollar a man contributes towards the support of the Masonic Institution is a deposit to be drawn upon any time he or his family may require it. I know, positively, that your husband is a worthy Mason, and this money, \$100—is really and truly yours, as if he handed it to you himself. If you wish to continue on your journey to-day, I shall see you safely on the 1 o'clock train."

Mrs. Herbert's lips quivered, but she only said, "O, I shall be glad to go."

"Now, I have only to say, beware of pickpockets," said Mr. Henderson, smiling, as the train began to move.

A week later, the secretary of the Eureka Commandery announced in regular convocation assembled, the receipt of a letter, which he proceeded to read:

"M. L. Henderson, E. C., and Sir Knights of Eureka Commandery, No. 12. I enclose you a check for \$100, the amount so kindly furnished my wife, who arrived home in safety yesterday. My gratitude to you for your timely sympathy and care is not equalled by her own, who says that her experience in your city has added a new chapter to her reason for loving Masonry." Should any of you visit Boston, do not fail to call upon us, that we may return you our thanks in person, and invite you to the hospitalities of our home."

Life's Better Moments.
Life has its moments
Of beauty and bloom;
But they hang like sweet roses
On the eave of the tomb.
Blessings they bring us,
As lovely as brief,
They meet us when happy,
And leave us in grief.

Hues of the morning,
Tinging Alice will
Come on the sunbeams,
And set with them fly.
Shadows of evening
Hang soft on the shore,
Darkness enwraps them,
We see them no more.

So life's better moments,
In brilliance appear,
Dawning in beauty,
And set with them fly.
Round us they linger,
Like shadows of even;
Would that we, like them,
Might melt into Heaven.

HUMOROUS.
To make apple trees bear—Pick off all leaves as soon as they appear.

Among the warmest friends of the one term principle are Horace Greeley and the convicts in Sing Sing.

An exchange says: "Nobody has fallen from a balloon of a week back." We should think it wouldn't be very good for a week back it there had.

A writer, describing the exodus from Eden, says, "The devil drove woman out of Paradise, but he could not drive Paradise out of woman."

"A woman is at the bottom of all mischief," said Joe. "Yes," said Frank, "and mother was always at the bottom of mine."

A coroner's jury in Minnesota recently declared a man to have been "severely frozen to death."

A Mr. Tease recently married a Miss Cross. He teased her until she pronounced not to be cross any more.

Who is the straightest man mentioned in the Bible? Joseph, because Pharaoh made a ruler of him.

A friend who did the Colorado mountains last fall has informed us that he got as ravenous as a raven among the ravines, and sat down in one of the gorgeous gorges and gorged himself.

"Did it rain to-morrow?" inquired a Dutchman of a Frenchman. "M'guess it was," replied the Frenchman.

An old colored minister, at the conclusion of a marriage ceremony which he had performed, proposed that the company should join in singing—"Plunged in a gulf of dark despair We wretched sinners lay."

FOR THE FAMILIES.—To raise hope—Put a smart active toad in each hill. Hops will soon appear.

To prevent dogs from having the hydrophobia—When just seven days old, hold them under the water fifteen minutes.

To keep hens from setting—Suspend them by the neck over-night.

To be thin is the last fashionable feminine ambition. Scrawny necks are all the rage, and young ladies whom nature has not blessed, paint their rounded shoulders with sepla wrinkles.

I know what your bean's white horse's name is," said a little Greenfield boy to his sister, Monday morn'g; "it's Danyie." "It's Eddie, that's a naughty word." "Well, I don't care if 'tis; that's his name, 'cos last night I was standing out-side of the fence and heard him say, 'Whoa, Danyie, whoa.'"

"Bob, is your sister at home?" "Yes, but she won't see you to-night." "Why?" "Because she said she was going to have one more mess of onions, if she never got another bean."

G. J. Fisher